



CAP and BELLS

Smuggler Beaten at His Own Game When He Tries to Get Seal Skin Coat Across Line.

The man who had gone over to the Canadian side of the river to get a better view of Niagara falls was about to start back.

He was carrying a light overcoat on his left arm.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, addressing a prepossessing matron, "but I should like to ask you to do me a favor, if you don't mind."

"What is it?" she asked.

Cautiously lifting an edge of the light overcoat, he exposed to view a costly seal skin garment.

"Would you have any objection to putting this on and wearing it until we get across the bridge?" he said.

"Not at all."

Fifteen minutes later.

"Thank you very much, madam."

"Not at all."

"Nobody is looking, if you will take off that jacket now, I'll hide it under my coat again."

"I'm not going to take it off."

"What?"

"I am going to keep it."

"Well, of all the—"

"Make a fuss about it if you feel like it, sir, and you'll be in jail in about two weeks and one day. Run along, now."

He hid.

Problem Left to Be Solved.

"Well," said the senior partner, "I think we've got this business so well organized now that nothing can stop us. We are already paying dividends of 30 per cent and we ought to double our profits next year."

"Yes," replied the junior associate, "the outlook is far from cheerless. I don't believe there is any chance whatever for anybody with small capital to break in. There doesn't seem to be a loophole left anywhere."

"There's only one thing left to be done now."

"What is that?"

"We must invent some way whereby we can destroy our books at the end of every week and still keep track of our accounts."

DRYNESS NOT EASILY CURED

Devonshire Farmer, With Big Heart, Misunderstood Meaning of Doctor in Referring to Clergyman.

One hot Sunday morning as the worshippers from a little country church were slowly wending their way toward their homes a burly old Devonshire farmer might have been seen leaning over his yard gate, nodding his head and wishing a cheerful "good day" to passers-by.

Soon he descried the vicar coming down the road.

"Very warm day, farmer," commented the clergyman, as he drew near.

"Mortal 'ot, indeed," was the hearty response. "Be ye too proud to step inside a minute, an' taste a good glass o' sweet cider, pa'son?"

"I am not too proud, of course," returned the vicar amiably; "but it is so close upon my dinner hour, and I must go straight home."

"Then you aren't thirsty?"

"No, thanks."

"Look 'ee 'ere, pa'son," exclaimed the farmer, "us don't want to have no misunderstanding for want of a few words o' explanation, and I should like for 'ee to know that I shouldn't 'ave made so bold as to ask 'ee to drink if it hadn't bin for what I heard the doctor say to his son 'bout you as 'e went past my yard."

"What was that?" asked the vicar with interest.

"Why, the doctor said, said he, 'The vicar is terrible dry this morning.'—The Continent.

AUTO-VERY PROPER.

Miss Jackson—She wears a very high and mighty air since she got her automobile.

Mr. Jackson—Yes, very auto-critic.

It Wouldn't Go.

"I'm afraid," said the venerable minister, "I shall not be able to get up a new sermon for next Sunday. Do you suppose the congregation would notice it if I hunted up one that I used, say, 15 or 20 years ago and gave it again?"

"I'm almost sure," his wife replied, "that it would be noticed."

"Do you think they remember my preaching as well as that?"

"Oh, I don't think they remember what you preach much longer than it takes them to reach the church door; but you would be quickly found out all the same if you attempted to make use of a sermon that you had preached 15 or 20 years ago. You used to try to scare people by hinting that there was a devil, you know."

More to Come.

Recently in Seattle in a cigar-stand appeared the sign, "We give \$15.00 for 1909 Lincoln pennies." No less a person was attracted by this than Judge Watson. He walked up to the counter and laying down a penny triumphantly asked for \$15.00. The clerk took the penny, examined it closely, asked if it were genuine, and after several minutes sighed and said he guessed it was good.

"Certainly it is," answered the judge. "Where is my \$15.00?"

"Where," said the clerk, "are the other 1908?"—Life.

Startling Suggestion.

"When you talk so fast, doctor," said one of his influential parishioners, "I find it a little difficult to follow your train of thought."

"Don't try to follow it, judge," replied Rev. Dr. Fourtally. "It's running wild you have a perfect right to ditch it, sidetrack it, or even to pile obstructions in the way and do a hold-up act."

"Thank you for coaching me," rejoined the influential parishioner, coming back as gamely as he could.

Not Really Playing.

"I am afraid that Bliggons plays golf on Sunday."

"Maybe," said the contemptuous rival. "But, if so, it's the only day in the seven on which he does play it."—Tit-Bits.

Bad Outlook.

"No, I can't get up enough courage to ask old Patterson for his daughter."

"And why not?"

"Because I'm a builder of absolutely fireproof buildings and he is a fire insurance agent."

Flattery.

She—What do you mean by saying the Eliza is "more or less pretty?"

He—Well, she's more pretty than most girls and less pretty than you.—Simplicissimus.

Giving Him the Spur.

He (at 11:45 p. m.)—Well, I must think about going.

She (yawning)—I do hope you're a quick thinker, Mr. Stately.

Her Motive.

Lady—Do you work for high remunerative reasons?

Maid—No, mum. I work for me wages.

The Remedy.

"There's the devil to pay about this new production."

"Then why don't you get an angel?"

The Magic Bit of Silver

By Juan Enrique

"I want to ask you a question, Gomez."

"Well, my dear boy, what is it?"

"Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, a good fellow, and—and we had dined. To say truth, we had not only dined but we had had some excellent post-prandials in the shape of further wine and fragrant cigars that I had asked the question. But I had long wished to do so, and I will tell you why.

Some two years before Gomez was poor as a church-mouse. He was always a good fellow; but then, you know, there is a difference between good fellows rich and good fellows poor. And to my shame be it spoken, I think I liked him better rich than poor. Well, as I said, he was almost destitute. He had a profession, it is true—he was a journalist; but in Spain the gains of the fraternity of the pen are not large. What little he did earn went to the bad, for he was an inveterate gambler.

But from a poverty-stricken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club, he had the most luxuriously fitted town house, he had purchased the country seat of a decayed grandee, he had the best cook in Madrid, and he moved in the best society—for, alas, even in Spain the golden key is beginning to open all portals. But do not think from what I say that Gomez was not a gentleman, for he came of an excellent family.

Well, as I said, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnut and the wine I put my question: "Gomez, where did you get your money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, and knocked the ash from his cigar. "Where did I get my money?" he repeated, slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories," I replied; "some horrible, some wildly impossible; some good-humored, more ill-natured. You will pardon my frankness if I tell you that I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill-gotten gains,' whisper of retired highwaymen, and the like. There are others who hint darkly at counterfeiting. Among the lower classes there is a widespread belief that you have sold yourself to the devil. And I have even met intelligent people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his laconic reply.

I stared at him.

"Listen, and you may perhaps tell me whether the means were supernatural or no. I have never been able to decide. The reason that the sources of my fortune has never been discovered was because the only man who knew of it left the city the day after—"

He paused.

"The day after what?" I queried.

"Well, I will begin at the beginning. The story is a curious one, and should be told in sequence."

He lit a fresh cigar and then began: "You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. You would all of you chorus, when speaking of me, 'Poor Bonilla! He has the worst of vices—he is a desperate gambler.' You were all wrong. I did not play simply for love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler. I was a speculator. I had fixed upon a certain sum which I considered a competence. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth—how assiduously you know."

He smiled at the expression of assent which involuntarily flitted over my countenance, watched the smoke-wreaths curling over his head for a moment, and continued:

"One evening I was feeling unusually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to do what is called 'drowning sorrow.' My resource was the gambling table. Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money which had been entrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling-hall, and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few duros that belonged to me were soon gone. Some-thing seemed to possess me that night; I was not myself. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money. I staked it, and I lost it all."

I was about to speak.

"Do not condemn me," he interrupted; "you could say nothing severer than were my self-reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. As I watched the ivory ball spin round, my brain seemed to spin round, too. My senses seemed to be leaving me. I felt as if I were no longer dear to me. Penniless and dishonored, what was there left to live for?"

"As these thoughts passed through my working brain, the night wore on. The players dropped off, one by one. The tables were gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left lighted—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gambler was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling-hall."

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted, "Jose Herrera, who disappeared so suddenly a couple of years ago."

"The same," replied Bonilla, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

I do not know why, but I began to feel uncomfortable. However, he continued:

"The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street, and that I did not do so is owing to one of the strangest of circumstances—so strange that you will not believe it—"

It was supernatural. I half rose, I say, and as I did so, I saw upon the floor a round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gaslight fell upon it. It was a coin, a—

"A peseta," I interrupted, breathlessly.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a peseta. But it saved my life. I placed my foot upon it, and, motioning to the banker, said: 'A peseta on the seventeen!'"

"The banker knew me well—he had cause to—and without making any inquiries he repeated my wager after me, and set the ball a-whirling. It stopped in the seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen changed seven silver duros.

"Do you leave it there?" said he. "I nodded."

"Again the ivory ball spun round, and again it stopped at seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said the banker. "Again I left the glittering pile upon the seventeen, and again it won. Seven several times did the goddess Fortuna smile upon me. And when I stopped, it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank. The poverty-stricken—"

"Seventeen Wins," said the Banker.

en wretch who a few moments before had contemplated suicide was now wealthy."

"And the peseta," said I, "you have that still, of course?"

"No," he replied, with a strange smile.

"Why?" I exclaimed, I with surprise, "had I been you, I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, with the same peculiar smile, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin, I found—nothing."

"Nothing?" I echoed. "Why—what—where—"

"That which I had taken for a peseta was not a coin. The round, silver object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was—"

"A drop of water."

"What?"

"A drop of water."

"What?"

"A drop of water."

"What?"

"A drop of water."

"What?"

"A drop of water."

"What?"

"A drop of water."

NATION SAVED BY A SPIDER

Scotland Profited by the Lesson the Insect Taught to its Monarch.

Scotland has many legends that the shepherders and highland peasants never get tired repeating. A long time ago King Bruce ruled over Scotland before that country became a part of England, and he learned a lesson from a spider that enabled him to succeed when otherwise he would have failed.

King Bruce had lost many battles. He was discouraged. He had made his final effort against his enemies and failed to vanquish them. Deep in despair he went to a lonely room in his castle. Reclining on the couch and thinking, he happened to notice a spider drop from the ceiling on a single silken cord. He watched the spider fascinatedly. It now began its ascent. It slipped. Time and time again it tried to mount, but each time it failed. The king watched intently, forgetful of all else. An hour passed. Finally the spider succeeded. It was an inspiration for King Bruce. Why should he get discouraged, having tried only a few times and failed? He made one last grand rally against his enemies and routed them, and from this incident came the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed try again."

MRS. SELBY AND PRIZE BABY

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel sure that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap, for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old, won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet-faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says: 'Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura.'"

(Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, California, Jan. 15, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

MERGES TWO IN ONE.

Teacher—What is a "merger," Johnny?

Johnny—A minister.

COULD HARDLY MOVE.

Kidney Trouble Caused Terrible Misery.

Mrs. J. S. Downs, 219 N. Sixth St., Chickasha, Okla., says: "My back across my kidneys became so lame I could hardly move. My limbs cramped and stiffened and I felt completely worn out. Nervousness and headaches kept me in an unstrung condition and frequent passages of the kidney secretions added to my discomfort. I was soon relieved, however, after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and when I had used four boxes, I felt like another woman."

"When Your Back is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c all stores, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Competition.

"Royalty has its difficulties," remarked the lord high keeper of the buttonhook.

"Yes," replied the uneasy monarch. "It has gotten so that a court function finds it hard to compete with the scenery and costumes of a big musical show."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Rather Disinterested.

"Let me take your sister apart."

"Don't. She is all broken up, as it is."

Every man has some good in him, but sometimes it takes a lot of coaxing to bring it out.

NO ONE STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific source of human ailments in general. A recent medical writer says: "every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"Several months ago I suffered from a severe pain right under the breast-bone," writes Mrs. C. M. MURKIN, of Corona, Calif. "I had suffered from it, off and on, for several years. I also suffered from heart-burn, did not know what was the matter with me. I tried several medicines but they did me no good. Finally, I was told it was my liver. I did not dare to eat as it made me worse. Whenever I swallowed anything it seemed that I would faint—it hurt so. I grew very thin and weak from not eating. Was told to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took five bottles of it, and could feel myself getting better from the first dose. I could eat a little without pain and grew strong fast. Today I am strong and well and can do a big day's work with ease. Can eat everything and have put on flesh wonderfully. I will say to all sufferers write to Dr. Pierce. He has my undying gratitude."

Before Allowing an Operation

Please Read These Two Letters.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before. Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.

HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement—I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise every woman who is afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich.

"THERE NEVER WAS A WORSE CASE."

Rockport, Ind.—"There never was a worse case of women's ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered. For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so to please him I took it, and I improved wonderfully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering women to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation."

—Mrs. MARGARET MEREDITH, R. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Use Camphorated Vaseline

Camphorated Vaseline gets right to the seat of the trouble. Gives quick and grateful relief from rheumatic and similar pains. Put up in neat, metal-capped glass bottles. Every mother should know all about the different "Vaseline" preparations. They are just what she needs for the minor family ailments and accidents. Send a postal to-day for 25¢ per illustrated booklet—free prepaid. Address Dept. M, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State Street (Consolidated) New York

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world

\$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND BOYS

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are worn by millions of men, because they are the best in the world for the price. W. L. Douglas \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 shoes equal Custom Bench Work costing \$6.00 to \$8.00.

Why does W. L. Douglas make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world? BECAUSE: he stamps his name and price on the bottom and guarantees the value, which protects the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes of other makes. BECAUSE: they are the most economical and satisfactory; you can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. BECAUSE: they have no equal for style, fit and wear. DON'T TAKE A SUBSTITUTE FOR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

If your dealer cannot supply W. L. Douglas shoes, write W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass., for catalog. Shoes sent everywhere delivery charges prepaid.

Calculation.

"Going to make garden?"

"I dunno," replied the man who always looks discouraged. "I'm busy now figuring up how many tons of lettuce I'll have to raise to pay for the spade and the rake and the rest of the outfit."

Paxtine Antiseptic sprayed into the nasal passages is a surprisingly successful remedy for catarrh. At drug-gists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Over That Now.

"Is their honeymoon over?"

"I guess so. She's stopped sitting up for him when he's out late nights."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, teething, etc.

Some people impress us as being too polite to get all that's coming to them.

"That horrible weather"—how pleasant it really is when you are well! Gardell Tea helps always.

We all admire a man who says just what he thinks—about other people.

EYE ACHES Pettitts Eye Salve

IF YOU WANT TO BEGIN OR EXPAND business write the Board of Trade, Weyburn, Saskatchewan. We want energetic, reliable salesmen. Electric power, water, fuel cheap. Builders with capital needed. Population doubled this year.

UNIFORMS

as made by us represent the art of uniform making. We have a large stock of uniforms, hats, caps, etc., and we will make to order any style of uniform you desire. Write to us for a catalog and price list. 132 & 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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